

Wichita Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.
R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.
M. M. MURDOCK & BROS.
Publishers and Proprietors

All letters pertaining to the business of the printing department, including orders for advertising, should be addressed to the business manager. The only daily paper in Southwestern Kansas or the Arkansas Valley receiving both the day and night Associated Press reports in full.

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Sunday Edition, 10 pages, one copy, one year, \$1.80.

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BY CARRIER—IN THE CITY AND SUBURBS.
The EAGLE is delivered by carrier to all regular subscribers at 10 cents a copy. The paper may be ordered by postal card or by telephone. It will be served early and regularly. Irregularity of service or change of address should be reported immediately to the carrier.

TELEPHONES.
Counting Room, No. 10.
Editorial Room, No. 10.
TO ADVERTISERS.

Our rates of advertising are as low as those of any other paper of equal value in an advertising medium. All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

The proprietors reserve the right to reject and discontinue any advertisements contracted for by either party, without notice, if the advertiser fails to pay the bill when due.

Entered in the postoffice at Wichita as second class matter and entered for transmission through the mails as such.

Eastern office at 100 N. Tenth Street, New York City and 200 N. Tenth Street, New York City. All contracts for foreign advertising will be made and where, when at the postoffice, and when at the postoffice.

Readers of the EAGLE when in New York City or Chicago can see copies of the paper at the office of our agent at 100 N. Tenth Street, New York City. All notices for advertisements of any kind in which a difference of price is required will be charged at the rate of five cents per line, and must be classified and will not be run as a regular reading matter.

The EAGLE has the largest circulation of any daily paper in Kansas, and circulates throughout the entire state. It is the only daily paper in the territory. The only daily paper in the territory. The only daily paper in the territory.

DEATH.
Mary A. Postlethwait, wife of Rev. J. B. Postlethwait, at her late residence, 282 Burns avenue, at 4 o'clock p. m. yesterday. She was in her 65th year. Funeral notice will be given later.

LEAGUE MEETING.

The following is the program for the Union City League, to be held Tuesday evening at the Dodge Avenue M. E. church:

Twenty minutes praise service, conducted by Rev. C. S. Nussbaum.
Paper—"Best Methods of Securing Leaders in Our League."
Song—"The Church of the Future."
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Address—"Rev. Douglas McCormick."
Question Box—"Rev. Marshall Hale (Miss Bass, Sec.)."

A NAT SURPRISE.

One of the most pleasing social events of the past week was a surprise given to Miss Maggie Knight, at the home of her parents on North Fourth avenue. The young lady had reached her nineteenth birthday, and her friends embraced the opportunity to make it an event long to be remembered. They not only took the young lady by surprise, but they succeeded in making the evening a decidedly pleasant one. The time was spent in music and games, and not until a late hour did the young folks disperse to their homes. The following is a list of those present:

Misses May Lawrence, Jennie Cook, Ella Johnson, Charlotte Byer, Olive Clayton, Lola Maxwell, Cora Wells, Mary Bell, Lulu Knight, Maggie Knight, Elma Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reynolds, Messrs. Frank Reynolds, J. C. Reynolds, Charlie Morgan, Robert Caswell, Will Hoyer, Ollie Hudson, Jim Farmer, C. H. Bartlett, Philo Clark.

WICHITA UNIVERSITY.

Board last week at the boarding hall averaged \$1.80 for each boarder. Since school opened on the 1st of August to Dec. 3, the best club board averaged \$1.45 per week.

A number of new students enrolled last week. Classes were started in chemistry, astronomy, zoology, physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, algebra, German and French.

Professor Miller's class in physiology dissected a dead animal on Friday in order to get clear ideas of the ventral or haemal cavity and the dorsal or neural cavity and what these cavities contain. After the students have gained some knowledge of the different organs of the body and their functions, an animal will be put under the influence of an anesthetic and vivisection will be employed to show the students the workings of the stomach, lungs, heart, and the organs of the body, in actual operation.

Work on the new dining hall is being pushed as rapidly as possible. After the holidays a number of new students from a distance will enter the university and everything will be ready to accommodate them. It is an expression of the fact that the new management of the university manifests more energy in conducting the school than has ever before been shown in its history.

Professor Alt preaches at Cheney today. He will start a class in shorthand after the holidays. All students of the university can enter the class about one-fourth the usual tuition. Instruction in shorthand will be given free to beginners from now until the holidays.

The ladies are having a fine time rustling around for partners for the coming year ball and card party to be given by the Degree of Honor lodge at Peerless hall next Thursday night, which will be a delightful affair. Only a few invitations are sent out as all who receive them will attend.

DR. PRICE'S

DELICIOUS

Flavoring

Extracts

NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS.

Vanilla, Of perfect purity.

Lemon, Of great strength.

Orange, Economy in their use.

Almond, Flavor as delicately

Rose etc., and deliciously as the fresh fruit.

"STRIPES THE WRONG WAY."

A Hero of the Early Days of Wichita.

From Victor Murdock in the Inter Ocean, with the illustration.
"Old Snoozer is dead. I received a letter today from the Indian Territory saying that Old Snoozer had kicked the bucket, which is the classical way of saying that he has passed in his checks. He lived in the Creek nation, the hardest part of the Indian Territory, and ran a combination store, where he sold dry goods, false teeth, groceries, tar, coffee, chewing gum, lumber, sardines and ice cream. He sold an Indian some calico with the stripes running the wrong way, and he has now journeyed on. It doesn't take much to excite the smoldering vengeance of an Indian."

Colonel Solomon Buzz of Kansas wiped away a silent tear.
"Old Snoozer, for he had no other name, was a genius in his way. The first time I met him was in the early seventies in Wichita. Old Snoozer played poker for a living and preached every Sunday for a diversion. The town was young then, and in order to get a restaurant there it was necessary to offer a bonus. This was not forthcoming at that time, and Snoozer, being a young man, was in a tight place. He decided to have Old Snoozer stir the latent spirit of enterprise in the breasts of the citizens. I shall never forget that sermon. The day before a young graduate of an eastern college came to town with the idea of establishing a church. He was as soft a tenderfoot as I ever had the pain of seeing, and he dropped around to hear Old Snoozer preach the next morning."

"I went, too, and I never saw a man look so much as that young graduate did when Snoozer got down behind the pulpit, tipped up the bottle, and fired himself for the sermon. Then when Old Snoozer opened up the Bible and revealed his book mark, which was the ace of spades of an old deck, I thought the graduate would croak on the spot. Old Snoozer put on his glasses, and taking a fresh chew, looked over his audience with a critical air. Seeing the stranger in the congregation, he evidently desired to make an impression, as she pulled out his revolver and coolly laid it on the open Bible. Then he peered over the room again and said:
"Today I shall read a few stanzas from Exodus. What do you want, Butterfly Jim?"

"I'll talk, hank cowboy answering that name had stood up and stood up motion with his hand that he wished to be heard. 'Is that in the front or the back of the book?' he asked.

"What difference does it make to you?" snapped Snoozer.

"Well, I'm getting pretty tired of hearing about somebody begging somebody to read something in the Bible, and let's see of their get married at last or how their shebang ends up, anyhow."

"I don't know whether he did it as a joke or not," but Old Snoozer flipped the pages over and said: "I will now read the sixteenth chapter of the tenth verse of Genesis, which says—
"And in the hindquarters" asked Butterfly Jim, whose knowledge of cows supplied him with metaphors.

"Sit down!" yelled Snoozer. "Of course it is. If any bleached-out galoot interrupts my discourse again," he growled. "I'll hit him as full of lead as a rattler is of bullfrogs, and he bawled the pulpit with the text of his revolver and glared straight at the young graduate, who was visibly quaking."

"This is my text from Genesis," he continued. "When Greek meets Greek."
"The fully to be wise."

"I was watching the young tenderfoot from the eastern college. He had his nose turned up and was sneering for all that was out. He sneered more than ever when the boys applauded the text by stamping with their feet. They always do this. It sounded queer to anybody who had been in an eastern church, where everything is quiet. But none of that congregation had ever been in an eastern church; at least none of the cowboys.

"Look here," the preacher continued, "I ain't got no agitations, particularly on the subject, except this one thought. Here is a restaurant wanting to come to this very village. Now, the lesson of the text is for you fellows to dive down into your bunkies and put up a bankus. We need a restaurant. A restaurant lends tone to a town. I ask this yere audience, there is a man here who knows the philosophical derivation of the word restaurant! If there is let him speak now or forever hold his tongue."

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A STORY ABOUT THE WIZARD.

How Jay Gould Made an Apology to a Country Storekeeper From Germany.

There is a young man in this city who rode with Jay Gould in his special car at one time, but he is too modest to allow his name to be mentioned, and, by the way, he has a very high estimate of the character of the wizard. "Why, Mr. Gould had as warm a heart under his waistcoat as any man I ever knew," said he to a reporter for the EAGLE yesterday. "About twelve years ago I lived at the little town of Morrison, located on the Missouri Pacific about nine miles west of St. Louis, and worked for the firm of F. Buente & Co. Buente was a typical German, who weighed about 400 pounds, one of the best fellows that ever lived, but whenever he got anything into his head it stayed there. He was so stubborn that if he met a hog in a pathway too narrow for both he would hold his ground and make the hog turn back every time. He owned the largest commercial establishment in that entire section of Missouri and owned it all by himself and the 'Co.' was put on for style. He sold everything from a button book to a threshing machine, and bought everything from a pound of feathers to 30,000 bushels of wheat. He bought on long credit and sold on long credit, and for that reason he was the king of all that country known as the German settlement. He was gifted with more natural independence than any man I ever knew, and would get hot and cool off quicker than lead. If the czar and all the Russias and all the crowned heads of Europe filed into his store it would have no more effect on him than if they were that many section hands."

Well, to come to the story. He was doing an immense grain business the year mentioned and he needed more switch facilities. He had me to write to A. A. Talmadge who was then the superintendent demanding—in never requested a longer switch. Talmadge did not reply and I had to write again telling him that if the Missouri Pacific didn't come to time he would haul his wheat a mile distant to the river and ship it by boat. A reply came from Mr. Talmadge that he was making a trip over the system with Mr. Gould and that he would stop at Morrison a few moments on a certain date to hear Mr. Buente's grievances. The day and hour came and so did the train and Mr. Buente, without coat, hat, waistcoat or suspenders, walked out to the depot and met Talmadge. They argued the matter and cursed one another and all that sort of thing and finally Talmadge said that he couldn't afford to build any more side track. This made Buente hot and he heaped Gould in his den, walking into the palatial car unannounced as he would have done if the pope of Rome was in Gould's place. He made the interior of that car blue with curses sent to his taste, in fragments. Buente and two varieties of German, and putting his finger under Gould's nose, told him that if he wouldn't build that side-track he would ship every pound of his freight by water to and from St. Louis.

Gould was in bad humor at that time, and he told the old man to go to hades; that he could get along without his freight, anyway. This made the old gentleman boiling hot, and he left the car, stating emphatically that no gentleman would talk to an old man that way.

The train pulled out, and Buente stood in the middle of the track shaking his fist at it, and swearing by all that was good and bad that he would leave Jay Gould to treat his customers. He finally returned to the store, went down in his cellar and began to cool off on his national beverage. In less than an hour afterwards the station agent handed Mr. Buente a telegram which read as follows as near as I can remember now:

"Permit me to make you an apology for the way I treated you in my car. I am very sorry indeed that I was so ill tempered at the time. Next Monday morning my men will be in your town ready to build any switch accommodations that you may dictate to them. They will be entirely at your command."

"JAY GOULD."

Monday morning came and so did the men and travelers over the Missouri Pacific can now look out the south windows of the train while passing Morrison and see one of the finest switches for that size town there in America.

I afterwards met one of the officers of the road who was in the car with Gould and told him the story. He told me that before the train was a mile from the station the great railroad magnate nervously jumped to his feet and said: "Talmadge, we have not treated our German friend right; he is an old man and deserves better treatment from us. I propose to apologize, and if you have no objection we will give him the switch he asks for," and so saying he took a blank and with his own hand dashed off the above message and caused it to be sent from Gasconade, the next station. Buente received a gold watch the following Christmas by express from an unknown source, and he maintained till the hour of his death that day Gould sent it to him, and I believe myself he did."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

One thing that was very noticeable at the opera house last night was the absence of those fire alarm, hog-in-the-corn, don't-split-the-dog's-leg signs that have graced the prominent entrance doors for the past three or four weeks, and which Katie Emmet's manager pronounced a standing insult to the gentlemen and lady patrons of the opera house. It was the worst display of bad taste ever attempted by an opera house manager in this city, and it is a mighty good thing for Mr. Crawford that they have been taken down, as many of the best people in the city made up their minds not to attend the theater so long as the objectionable signs stared them in the face. Such a thing might do for a dime museum or variety, but they do not look well in front of a paragon, the seats of which usually cost \$1.

C. C. Ransing and wife leave for Florida next Monday, and will be gone until May 1, 1893.

"Old Snoozer" worked tirelessly for the next twelve hours. He told every cowboy in town to come around to the restaurant at noon sharp, get his dinner free, and keep his mouth shut. About 25 cowboys showed up at the appointed time. The stranger was thunderstruck, and before the meal was over had plunked down his \$25 and owned the restaurant. Days and weeks passed without a customer and the new proprietor pined and sickened. By this time Snoozer had procured another white tag worth \$25 and he had the effrontery to go upstairs and offer to trade it for the restaurant. Without a word, and with a faint, sad smile, the offer was accepted, and Snoozer had the restaurant again. He closed it up and waited for the next stranger. The stranger came in about a month and Snoozer played the

same game, and finally gave another old horse for the restaurant. He kept the game up for months and acquired considerable money.

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Well, to come to the story. He was doing an immense grain business the year mentioned and he needed more switch facilities. He had me to write to A. A. Talmadge who was then the superintendent demanding—in never requested a longer switch. Talmadge did not reply and I had to write again telling him that if the Missouri Pacific didn't come to time he would haul his wheat a mile distant to the river and ship it by boat. A reply came from Mr. Talmadge that he was making a trip over the system with Mr. Gould and that he would stop at Morrison a few moments on a certain date to hear Mr. Buente's grievances. The day and hour came and so did the train and Mr. Buente, without coat, hat, waistcoat or suspenders, walked out to the depot and met Talmadge. They argued the matter and cursed one another and all that sort of thing and finally Talmadge said that he couldn't afford to build any more side track. This made Buente hot and he heaped Gould in his den, walking into the palatial car unannounced as he would have done if the pope of Rome was in Gould's place. He made the interior of that car blue with curses sent to his taste, in fragments. Buente and two varieties of German, and putting his finger under Gould's nose, told him that if he wouldn't build that side-track he would ship every pound of his freight by water to and from St. Louis.

Gould was in bad humor at that time, and he told the old man to go to hades; that he could get along without his freight, anyway. This made the old gentleman boiling hot, and he left the car, stating emphatically that no gentleman would talk to an old man that way.

The train pulled out, and Buente stood in the middle of the track shaking his fist at it, and swearing by all that was good and bad that he would leave Jay Gould to treat his customers. He finally returned to the store, went down in his cellar and began to cool off on his national beverage. In less than an hour afterwards the station agent handed Mr. Buente a telegram which read as follows as near as I can remember now:

"Permit me to make you an apology for the way I treated you in my car. I am very sorry indeed that I was so ill tempered at the time. Next Monday morning my men will be in your town ready to build any switch accommodations that you may dictate to them. They will be entirely at your command."

"JAY GOULD."

Monday morning came and so did the men and travelers over the Missouri Pacific can now look out the south windows of the train while passing Morrison and see one of the finest switches for that size town there in America.

I afterwards met one of the officers of the road who was in the car with Gould and told him the story. He told me that before the train was a mile from the station the great railroad magnate nervously jumped to his feet and said: "Talmadge, we have not treated our German friend right; he is an old man and deserves better treatment from us. I propose to apologize, and if you have no objection we will give him the switch he asks for," and so saying he took a blank and with his own hand dashed off the above message and caused it to be sent from Gasconade, the next station. Buente received a gold watch the following Christmas by express from an unknown source, and he maintained till the hour of his death that day Gould sent it to him, and I believe myself he did."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

One thing that was very noticeable at the opera house last night was the absence of those fire alarm, hog-in-the-corn, don't-split-the-dog's-leg signs that have graced the prominent entrance doors for the past three or four weeks, and which Katie Emmet's manager pronounced a standing insult to the gentlemen and lady patrons of the opera house. It was the worst display of bad taste ever attempted by an opera house manager in this city, and it is a mighty good thing for Mr. Crawford that they have been taken down, as many of the best people in the city made up their minds not to attend the theater so long as the objectionable signs stared them in the face. Such a thing might do for a dime museum or variety, but they do not look well in front of a paragon, the seats of which usually cost \$1.

C. C. Ransing and wife leave for Florida next Monday, and will be gone until May 1, 1893.

"Old Snoozer